

Author Interview: Lissa Matthews

Please give us a brief bio, your website, my space page and blog links.

I'm thirty-nine and live in the beautiful state of North Carolina. At this moment, I couldn't imagine calling any place else home.

Website: <http://lissamatthews.com/>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/authorlissamatthews>

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/lissamatthews>

Goodreads: http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/3010640.Lissa_Matthews

The Writer:

1) What is the best thing about being a writer? The worst? **The best thing, is that it puts a smile on my face. There are days I'd rather do anything else but sit down and write, however, there are no days where I wish I were doing anything else other than being a writer. I spent so many years doing jobs that didn't make me smile, that stressed me to the point of breaking. Writing...I never feel like that with writing. And, I get to listen to and talk to the voices in my head.**

Freedom, is the worst, I think. For me at least. It's all on me to sit down and write rather than do other things. I'm a person that actually, in some ways, craves structure. I think I crave freedom of expression and freedom of creativity, but the structure of being made to sit down in the chair and be held accountable.

2) What is your method of breaking through writer's block? **Walking away. It works for me. I have to get up and walk away from writing for a bit. Read some good fiction. Read some craft books. Watch movies. Get lost in something else. Bake. I have to get my head around something other than writing so I can free up whatever 'block' I may have. Simply pushing through it doesn't work for me. I just get more and more frustrated. So, I walk away.**

3) Do you bring your own life experiences to your writing? Your own personality? If so how? **Yes. I am snarky. I am a smart ass. I'm a Southern woman. I have a lot things I've gone through, just like everyone has. It shapes who we are and sometimes the best way to deal is let it out. I do that from time to time in the books I write.**

4) What fuels you as an author to continue to write? **Aside from the fact that I can't stop? Grins... The awesome emails I get from readers. Some have made me laugh. Some have made me cry because they're so sweet. They love my books. And I have to keep telling myself that even though the 'experts' (the bloggers, the reviewers, etc...) may not like my books, may find fault with them, my readers, the ones that truly love my writing, they are my reason to keep going. That and one reader and one editor and one friend all threatened to kick my ass if I stopped...grins. If that isn't motivation, I don't know what is!**

5) Can you tell us a bit about what book(s) you have coming out next and what you're working on now? **As of this writing, I have no books coming out next. I actually have a blank Coming Soon page. I am working on a few different WIPs at present, but nothing is completed or even close to completed. There are several follow-up books in the mix... the 3rd Blue Jeans and Hard Hats book, the second book following Stick Shift which will be Alli's story, and the fourth book following Ink Spots which will be Jackie and Mac's story. There are some stand alone, fun, erotic, rompy books that I'm working on as well...one called Trouble in the Making (a reunion story about a guy I went to high school with) and one called Twisted Up (about a young, hot cowboy friend of mine).**

The Person:

- 1) Which season do you prefer? Spring, Summer, Fall or Winter? **Spring when everything begins to bloom. And Fall when the leaves turn and all the trees look ablaze against the sky.**
- 2) What is your favorite Holiday? **I don't know anymore. When I was growing up it was Thanksgiving and Christmas and all the weeks inbetween. We've had several holidays over the last few years without family being here and it's been...different. So, I think if I had to give an answer, other than I don't know, it would be whatever day in February NASCAR season starts, and Labor Day Weekend when College Football season starts... Those are holidays in our house.**
- 3) Do you like Comedy, Drama, Romance, Foreign Language, Indie or Mystery movies? **All of the above? Romantic comedy. Romantic drama. Period films. Some indie films. Action movies. Fantastical movies. I can't stand idiot movies... Damn, there I go again. *bites tongue***
- 4) When you get a chance to read, what books do you love to read? **Erotica, erotic romance, writing craft, business, and self-improvement books. Oh, and cookbooks! Can't forget the cookbooks! Food Porn here I come...grins**
- 5) What bores you as a reader? **Oh this is a loaded question. See, my reading pleasure is very different from everyone else's and what bores me, is what the most popular romance books are made of.**
- 6) What is your favorite food and what is your guilty pleasure food? **I love comfort food. I get in moods where I want mac and cheese, or pot roast, or chili. My fave sandwich of all time is a Cuban sandwich. I love cake...chocolate with vanilla buttercream frosting. And of course, coke and peanuts...**
- 7) If you could go anywhere on a vacation where would you go? **Europe, especially Great Britain. I've always wanted to see the places where the kings and queens of old walked, where history was made. I'd love to see Italy, too. Imagine the food! Grins... And Alaska, the Pacific Northwest, Australia...and the Rocky Mountains. I've seen the Rockies but... I want to go back, explore, visit, just bask in it. Oh and New England.**
- 8) What is your favorite feature on a person? **No idea. I seem to focus on something different with each person I meet.**
- 9) Do you have a secret talent? **Well of course I have a secret talent! But I can't tell you.**
- 10) What is your favorite time of day? **Either early morning or late at night. The house is quiet.**
- 11) What do you think is romantic? What does the word Romance mean to you? **I think spankings are romantic. Grins... But then, y'all knew that. Being brought coffee in bed. Getting up to take care of kids and animals so your partner can sleep. It's about the mundane every day things that we take for granted. It's not about big, wild gestures 90% of the time. It's the small things, the thoughtful and considerate things. It's meeting your partner's needs, desires, wants. It's the affection, the kiss on top of the head, the text to say they miss you.**
- 12) What type of music gets you dancing? **As if I'm going to admit to dancing around... (thanking God that no one at the rock concerts know me and can rat me out on the dancing thing)**

Random Questions:

- 1) Aliens have landed on the planet. What are the three things you would tell them that are great about this planet? **I haven't seen enough of the planet to be able to give a well informed answer, but of**

what I have seen of this country: the Rockies (mountains, not baseball team), floating down a river in an intertube, and NASCAR races...grins. There are so many other things that I think are great, like... root beer and a moon pie, the Blue Ridge mountains, the ocean at sunrise, rock concerts and football games, blackberry jam on homemade bread, chocolate fudge cupcakes with vanilla buttercream frosting, cherry blossoms in Spring, the laughter of children.

2) If you could create your own drink what would go in it and what would you call it? I'm more or less a straight shot girl... I don't know anything about mixing drinks. So, perhaps I should let my readers create and design a drink for me and name it. I want a really sinful, kinky name for it though.

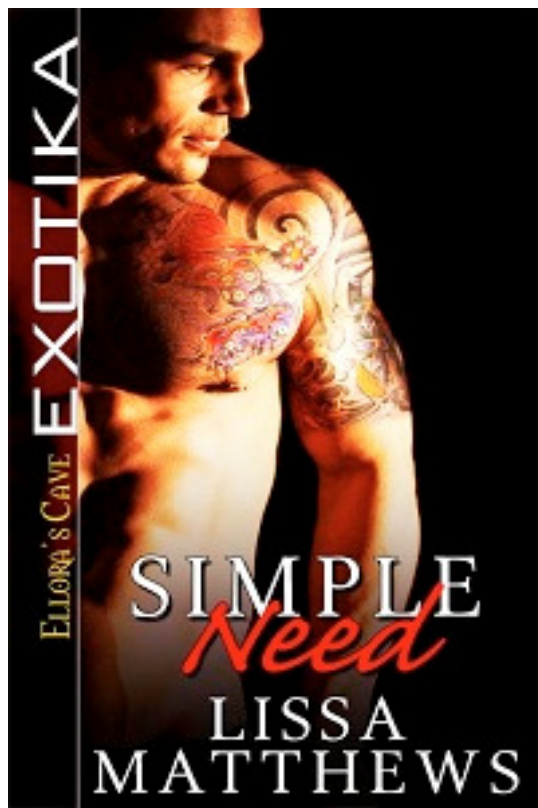
3) You have been locked in a mall and told you can get anything you want and when they open in the morning you won't have to pay a single cent. What stores would you hit? Better question how would you haul away all your loot? I'd hit Victoria's Secret, Bath and Body Works, Starbuck's, Pottery Barn, Williams and Sonoma, Sephora, the Great American Cookie Company, a shoe store or two, Fossil, and the bookstore, if there's one left. As for how I'd haul it away... well, talk the young, hotties into helping me carry it all out. And if I felt the need to repay their kindness...

4) If your life were turned into a cartoon, what cartoon character would you want playing you? Scooby Doo of course...

5) If you were a pirate what would your booty consist of? What would your pirate name be? The keys to all the castles and palaces in Europe. Name? I don't know but there'd be a Captain in there somewhere...

6) Okay I have to include a crazy question so here goes: He-Man, GI- Joe, The Thundercats, The Transformers and Jem are all in a battle to decide who is the best 80s cartoon, who do you think will win? I told you it was a crazy question. No one said I was sane. :-p Transformers. I mean, dude, they're cars and robots all in one! They can kick your ass then speed off into the sunset with the radio blaring. Hands down, Transformers...

8) If you were in a rock band what would the name of your band be? What would your rocker name be? I wouldn't be in the band. I'm not that big on being in the spotlight. Freaks me out. It's that introvert thing. No, I'd be a roadie. Would love to be in charge of set up and take down, loading and unloading. Tuning. Or the tour manager... But in the band, no. I did that in high school... Concert band, but still... I was always so nervous being in the spotlight when I had a solo. Nope, not for me...



If you'd like, you can include excerpts from your latest work. Please include the 'Buy' link if it is available. Thank you for participating in this interview.

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Excerpt:

Where had this woman she was becoming been hiding?

He cleared his throat. "Go have a seat over at the bar."

There was more to come, she was sure of it. She slowly let go of the counter and went to settle herself on a barstool. She was both frustrated at his having stopped touching her and grateful for the cushioned seat against her bare bottom. He'd turned back to his tasks, opened the waffle iron, took more waffles out, and put them on a platter. "It smells wonderful." And it did. She was having a hard time now that he'd walked away, deciding which she wanted first and more...the food or the man.

"Thanks. It's my own recipe. I've been told I make great breakfasts. I can't do much else in the kitchen beyond sandwiches and opening beer bottles."

He placed bacon on a paper towel to drain before he put it on the platter and placed it in front of her. He stepped back to grab the tub of butter. She was suddenly famished and ready to dig in by the time he joined her.

He turned his eyes on her and raked her body up and down, every inch, leaving a fiery trail behind. "Dig in, baby, and eat as much as you want 'cause I intend for us to work it off."

Heat flooded her cheeks at his lascivious grin and the images forming in her mind.

He put three waffles on her plate and four on his own, followed by a few slices of bacon for each of them. She'd never eaten three waffles in all her life, but damn, they smelled heavenly. He used butter heavily and lots of syrup, and when he offered to pour syrup on hers, she declined with her hands over her plate. She'd like to actually taste the food and not just the liquid sugar.

"Sorry it took me so long, you know, in the shower and all. I checked my cell after I got out and had a few voice mails and missed calls." She buttered her waffles and poured less than half the amount of syrup over them that he had. The first bite was heaven and she moaned around the chewing of it. Vanilla, citrus flavors, and something else she couldn't figure out burst in her mouth, but it was likely the best waffle she'd ever had. It had slight crunch on the outside, but was soft and fluffy on the inside. He really was good at this.

"No problem. Everything okay?"

He spoke around a mouthful of waffles and damn if she didn't find that sexy about him, too. Everything he did only made her want him more. She wanted to have lunch with him, drink a beer with him, watch a game on television curled up next to him. She wanted to spend time with him and she wondered at that, given that she'd just been dumped. Was she trying to replace one person with another? As she looked at him, she dismissed the idea as absurd. She wasn't replacing her old lover with Vinter, she was simply following her gut.

Her gut. It was finally speaking to her. About fucking time, too.

"Yeah. They were from...him."

“Dumbass.” He muttered the word under his breath as he took another bite of waffles, this time with a bite of bacon as well.

She just smiled at his comment and continued eating her own breakfast. With each subsequent bite, her opinion about the waffles didn't change. Would he share the recipe? Would he trade for it? She'd be willing to perform any sexual favor for him in exchange for it. She smiled inwardly at the thought. Doing anything sexual for him or with him was reward enough, waffle recipe or no waffle recipe.

“Why did he call?”

She caught a bit of syrup on the tip of her tongue that was about to fall from the end of her fork.

“Wanted to talk. Said he felt bad about how things ended.”

“From what you said, things didn't end, he ended them. And he should feel bad. He deserves to have his sorry ass kicked. You don't break up with a woman in a text message. That's just fucking cowardly.”

As he spoke, his hands had fisted, one around the fork, the other on his thigh. Tension floated off his body in waves. His cock was rock-hard beneath his jeans too. He was angry and he wanted sex. Lust spiked through her, settling between her legs. The delicious waffles, forgotten. “Vinter.”

She said his name softly and he turned his head. Purposely, she lifted her fork over one breast and let the syrup drip down on her flesh. “Fuck me.”

It was the first time she'd been so bold without him coaxing her into it and he took the offering without hesitation. “Spread your legs, and hook your feet into the bottom rungs.”

He wanted her spread wide and it was exhilarating, freeing. And then he dropped to his knees and buried his face against her pussy. Lips and teeth and tongue all conspired to drive her insane from the moment he touched her. He lifted her legs over his shoulders, then pulled her ass toward him, fully latching on to her cunt lips. He sucked and nipped and licked.

When he lifted his head, his mouth was glistening with her juices. “Lick that syrup off your tit. Let me see your tongue on your skin, on your nipple.”

Oh man. The way the word tit rolled off his tongue, so smooth, so naughty had her sex tingling in need. This was something else she hadn't done before.

“Do it. Show me the naughtiness in you. Give me everything, Elise.”

She did. She so wanted to show him what he wanted, what he was asking. She so wanted to give him everything he spoke of and then some. She lifted her breast in her hand and lowered her head, her tongue snaking out, licking at the stickiness. It was sweet, but with his eyes burning hot, it was sweeter in more ways than one.

She took her nipple between her teeth and pulled on it, tugged on it, drew it into her mouth and suckled. Arousal slid down low through her belly and flooded her wide-open pussy and she wiggled.

“Oh yeah, baby. That’s beautiful. Now, don’t let go of it until I say.”

With her mouth full, she couldn’t answer in any way other than to nod her head. Her nipple pebbled, firmed, and when she teased it, she moaned in pleasure.

“Bite down on it. Yeah, just like that. So sexy. Damn girl, you’re bad. I love it.”

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Excerpt:

“Hey Charlie, let me in this room.”

“Why do you need in there?”

Carson Jenings sighed and scrubbed a hand over his face. He was tired. Tired of dreams, tired of wandering the woods at night, restless, tired of waiting on the woman to show, and now that she was finally damn here, he couldn’t get her to wake her ass up and answer the door. “I need the person inside, and she’s not answering.”

“Well maybe she’s not there.”

His patience was wearing thin, and he hadn’t slept in days. Dreams of her kept him up, kept him hard and aching and hungry. All he could do to try and ease the frustration in his body was run and hopefully wear himself out. Knowing she was coming though just kept his nerves on edge. She wasn’t here for him, but she was his. Melanie said Ruby would come, and she’d been right. Now all Carson needed to do was get to her without scaring the shit out of her by breaking the door down. Not to mention, his brother Patrick wouldn’t be happy with him if he did it either. “Charlie, it’s seven in the morning. She flew cross-country so she’s got jetlag more than likely, and she’s not used to our little world up here. Trust me, she’s in there and chances are, she’s still getting her beauty sleep.”

“Okay, well don’t tell anyone. I’ll get in trouble for it if Patrick finds out.”

“Won’t breathe a word.” Carson made a motion of locking his lips and throwing away the key. Charlie seemed to believe him and slid the master into the lock, and it popped open. Carson mouthed a thank you and slipped in silently. Sure enough, she was still asleep. The curtains were drawn over the windows, and what little light there was came from the small lamp on the chest



of drawers on the opposite side of the room. The only sound was his breathing and the small nasal snore from the woman in the bed. His woman.

Melanie had been concerned with how her sister was going to take that bit of news, but it didn't really matter much to him. He'd convince her, coax her, seduce her, whatever it took. He needed her, probably in ways he didn't even know of yet, but the immediate need was her; her body, her sex.

He pulled the padded chair over from the sitting area and sat, propping his feet up on the end of the bed careful not to jar it too much. For the first time in days, he started to relax and the tiredness began to take over. He could use some sleep. Hell, he could use a whole month of sleep. Crawling into bed next to her seemed like a damn good idea. He knew why she was there, but her sister wasn't lost. He knew exactly where Melanie was, and it wouldn't take long for him to get Ruby to her. The sooner he got her in front of Melanie and proved that the other woman was alive, safe and sound, in love with his fool-headed brother, the sooner he could get Ruby into his home and into his bed.

She rolled over, and he caught sight of her face in person for the first time in the low lamplight. She was pretty with soft features. He knew from the pictures Mel had shown him, Ruby was soft and round from head to toe. She wasn't willowy and thin which was a good thing as far as he was concerned. He was a good-sized man, and he didn't want to worry about breaking the woman he was fucking, especially when he planned on doing a whole lot of it.

Before he could think better of it, he got up out of the chair and stripped off his clothes, leaving them in a pile on the floor and slid beneath the blankets. She purred and moved closer to him, snuggling. It wasn't what he'd been expecting, but hell, he'd take it. She wore flannel pajamas and while it was kind of cute, she wouldn't be wearing them anymore. She wouldn't need them. He was very warm natured, bordering on furnace hot, and she wouldn't need anything on in bed...except him.

She pillowed her head on his shoulder, and he gently slid an arm around her, pulling her even closer. His cock was screaming hard, and he had half a mind to pull her the rest of way on top of his body and at least burrow his dick between her flannel covered legs, but he figured that might be going a little too far without first introducing himself.

Her soft hair tickled his skin, and her breath was cool against his neck. Mel had talked nonstop about Ruby from the moment his brother had brought her home. Ruby was supposed to be some sort of librarian that studied fairy tales or some such thing but she had yet to find her own Prince Charming or White Knight. Carson hadn't paid much attention beyond being polite to his brother's mate until Mel brought out some pictures of Ruby. Something he hadn't believed existed had suddenly cracked open inside his gut, tugging at everything inside his soul.

Others in his family had said it was just the beginning and seeing their mate for the first time caused that very same reaction, almost like a shell breaking. It was the human part of their make-up taking over, allowing them to truly bond with others, to feel emotion on a human level, to feel human arousal as it was connected to love, empathy, pain and sorrow.

His kind were loners, sticking close to one another, but not mingling much with normals. That's what full humans were. Normal. At least in the eyes of society. He and his family were different, strange, and took care of their own. They controlled their own destiny, their own paths, making their own way of living so no one would ever know just how different they really were.

His bear half simply needed to eat, sleep, survive. He cared for his family, but it wasn't in this kind of way, this all-encompassing need and desire to live. When he'd seen the picture of Melanie and Ruby together, laughing, his human half began kicking in. At first he didn't like it, wanted to fight it, but the more pictures he'd looked at, the more he heard her voice on the voicemails she left for Mel, the more the hunger had grown to know her, see her, touch her, have her.

He didn't have the luxury of spending a whole lot of time wooing her. Mating was something he needed to do and do quickly. His human half was still getting used to his animalistic needs and vice versa. It was sometimes so overwhelming that he couldn't stop masturbating, couldn't stop or slow down his need for orgasms. His brother, James, Mel's mate, said eventually there would be a more controllable balance, but it likely wouldn't take effect until he'd been with Ruby a few times. His bear half had a mating season, but his human half didn't. There were no female shifters so the science of the true ice bear mating didn't figure into his family genetics. Until he met his mate, a male shifter was allowed to have sex with anyone he wished, but once his mate was introduced into his psyche, other women were off limits.

His bear side and his human side had to learn to live together, which meant Ruby had to learn as well. He hoped it was as easy for her to accept and adapt as it had been for Mel.

She shifted in her sleep and turned over, presenting her back to him. He turned as well and held her from behind, scooting close and wrapping his other arm around her middle. His cock nestled itself against her ass and twitched, throbbing painfully. God above, he wanted inside her. And when she wiggled that ass...

He flattened his hand against her lower belly hoping to still her. That was a mistake. The tip of his pinky edged the top of her flannel-covered mound. He couldn't feel the outline of any panties nor the springy curls that would normally... Shit. The woman, his woman was wearing no panties and was smooth.

When she nestled in and settled down, her body relaxed and she sank into him. She fit like she'd always been meant to be there. He couldn't wrap his head around how that kind of thing was possible, but his body seemed to recognize the truth of it and he was too tired to fight it.

Her feet pressed into his shins, and her head was still at shoulder level on him. Her cunt and ass were at the perfect position and angle for his cock.

And he'd never known a peace so deep and strong. He'd never known the kind of protection and obsession that filled him now either. Hunger and lust peaked and flowed through him. He couldn't wait to meet her eyes and see her smile first hand, hear her voice, taste her lips, feel her under him, open and hot.

He kissed the top of her head, and she moaned. He closed his eyes and tightened his arms, smiling for the first time in weeks and let much needed sleep take him.



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Excerpt:

Cam knocked again on the door, and his frown deepened when Lily didn't answer. She hadn't answered her cell phone either the three times he'd called. He looked around. Everything seemed normal for a small residential neighborhood. He'd driven through this particular area of town quite a bit but had never really paid much attention to it.

Older all-brick homes lined the street with fairly large yards and full-grown trees. There were a lot of green lawns, quite different than the more up-to-date subdivision he had grown up in out in California. The oaks

and magnolias gave this area Southern charm, and he marveled that it was so close to the speedway. He'd never have guessed from standing there that he was just minutes away from the loud roar of engines a few times a year.

He stepped off the front porch and toed his way through the front flower bed to peer into the front window. He hoped no one saw him. *Race car Driver Turned Peeping Tom*. Wouldn't that be a fun headline? But he forgot all about that when he saw her curled on the couch, sleeping.

A green blanket covered her, and all he could see was her face. It was May, and she was cold. Something about that made him smile. A pair of glasses were folded on the coffee table in front of the couch and from what he could tell, the house, while older on the outside, had been modernized on the inside.

“How the hell do I wake her up?”

Cam tapped on the glass, hoping to get a response out of her. She didn't stir. He tapped a little harder, and still nothing. This wasn't going well. The woman he couldn't stop thinking about, the woman he'd had a hard-on for all day, was sound asleep on a couch. He moved back out of the flower bed and up onto the porch again. In each of the four corners were flowerpots. What were the chances he'd find an extra key under one of them?

No chance. Shit. He replaced the fourth terra-cotta pot and then proceeded to check under the mat at the door. Nothing there either. What the hell was he supposed to do now?

An answering machine. Most people still had one, didn't they?

He hopped off the porch again and went back to the window. Cupping his hands around his eyes, he looked around the living room until he spotted it on a small end table beside a really nice-looking recliner. Talk about the perfect place to take a nap. Or to have her curled up in his lap napping. Or to have her on his lap doing other things.

She'd given him her cell number and one other number. He wasn't sure if it was the number to her friend's house or to her other friend's cell, but he figured it was worth a shot. If a female picked up, he'd know the answer.

The number rang, and so did a phone in the house. He didn't see the phone anywhere but could hear it. Lily stirred slightly under the blanket just as the machine picked up and her friend Candi rattled off a greeting and something to the effect of not being able to come to the phone, ending with asking that the caller leave a message at the beep.

“Lily? Lily, baby, wake up. You look so cute lying there all wrapped up, but I need you to wake up. I wish I could pick you up and hold you in my lap.” She stirred even more, and this time lifted her head, looking toward the machine. “That's it. I see you, baby. Look toward the window.”

She did, and his cock hardened at the sleepy look on her face, at her mussed hair, at the recognition that lit her face. He smiled. “I missed you today. Come let me in. I want to kiss you and wrap my arms around

you. I want to pull you close to my body and feel all your softness rubbing against me. Come get me, Lily girl.”

Cam backed away from the window as Lily got up off the couch and moved to the front door. A few seconds later, he heard the *click* of the lock, and the door opened. Red stained her cheeks where she blushed, and he closed his phone with his left hand while dragging her to him with his right arm. He nuzzled his face into her neck and inhaled deeply.

For a moment she stood stiff, then slowly began to relax and sink into him, nestling close. He just wanted to hold her, but he’d made plans for them, and they needed to get going. Kissing the top of her head, he set her away from him and moved them both inside, then closed the door behind him.

His heart contracted tightly when she looked up at him, lust filling her eyes. *Damn*. “Don’t look at me like that.”

She licked her lips and opened her mouth. “Like what?”

“Like you want to eat me alive.”

Red flooded her cheeks again. “But I do want to eat you alive.”

“Dammit, woman! You can’t say things like that to me and expect me to be able to keep a level head and resist you.”

“Why do you have to resist me?” She tilted her head and started to close the small space between them.

“Oh no you don’t.” Cam backed up until he was pressed against the door. “You stay over there.” But she kept moving forward. He had nowhere to go except to the side, and that’s just what he did. He sidestepped her and swatted her ass. She turned not-so-innocent eyes on him and he was so close to giving in and dropping them both on the floor. “Stop trying to get me naked.”

“But I don’t want to stop. I want you naked.”

She was coming on to him, and he was loving every second of it. “I made plans for us.”

She licked her lips and reached out to grab his shirt in her fist. “I’ve been dreaming up plans for us.”

Damn. Her voice was rough and throaty, a sexy rasp from sleep, and he let her get within inches of him before he stepped out of reach again. “What if I promise that as soon as we get back in the truck, you can ravish me and hold me prisoner?”

“Really? Prisoner? All mine?”

Oh fuck yeah. All hers. “Yeah, really.”